

Good Morning 555

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



HEN PARTY GOSSIP For Stoker (1st class) John Medley

THERE are two separate "hen parties" at home, does the phone exchange, and young Harry was at school, so mother's hen party picture is the only one we have for you to-day.

"Tell John that Albert is not doing so well with the dogs at Greenfield," mother asked us. It seems that your system of going to the dogs via the local papers is the soundest scheme!

Brother Ernest is still on home posting, and is back on duty in Wales. Ma was expecting brother-in-law Norman, who is probably going overseas. She sends her love, and asks that you bring this "Good Morning" with you when you come home. (Though she'll get a copy direct from us long before you see her, Lily (or is it Lynne?) was

VOLUNTEER women helpers at the American Red Cross Club, Plymouth Hoe, have become expert in "repairing sailors' uniforms."

Lady Hollely, who formed the Sewing Section, related how a "delicate situation" was dealt with when the first sailor presented himself with a tear in his trousers so extensive that it was necessary to remove them before repairs could be done.

The helpers borrowed a blanket from the dormitories, and shut their "customer" in a cupboard with instructions to wrap himself in the blanket and hand out the trousers!

CURTAIN. SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD Mrs. Emily Macmillan, of Trehan Cottage, Polzeath, Cornwall, who appeared in a North Cornwall edition of the B.B.C. "Country Magazine," surprised the station director by revealing that she played in the original production of that famous farce, "Charley's Aunt," at the Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, London, in 1892.

Then a girl in her teens, Mrs. Macmillan nearly ruined the first night by standing with her back against the press-button of the fire bell. She leaned too hard, the bell rang, and down came the fire

STUART MARTIN tells the story of a taxi-cab, the cut-up body of a woman wrapped in American cloth, and an East End brushmaker who was the most conceited murderer in the annals of English crime.

He Went to Hell Smiling

ON the afternoon of Saturday, September 11th, 1875, two City policemen were standing in Leadenhall Street when a young man, panting and almost breathless, rushed up to them and gulped out, "That cab! Stop it! Two parcels!"

That was about all he could say. A four-wheeled cab had just passed the cops. But the cops, with that leisurely condescension which characterises some branches of the Law, smiled on the young, hatless chaser. The latter started off again in pursuit.

Those two policemen had missed their chance of fame.

Away went the man after the cab again, labouring hard. He followed it across London Bridge, kept going, till, because of traffic, he was close behind it at the Hop Exchange in the Borough.

There he ran up to two more cops, and just as he was finding words a big, burly, bearded man descended from the cab. The bearded man was smoking a cigar and carrying a parcel. The cab-chaser found his tongue. "Stop that man," he ejaculated to the two cops. "That parcel! It's murder, I tell you!"

The two cops stopped the man. They found he had two parcels in the cab with him. When they asked him what the parcel contained the bearded man said, "If £50 is any use to you, you can have the money at once."

The cops didn't have the money. One of them pulled open a parcel which was done up in American cloth. Next instant a pair of handcuffs clicked on the bearded man's wrists.

And that was how Henry Wainwright, about the most conceited murderer ever, was caught. The parcels contained the cut-up body of a woman.

The man who had chased the cab was Alfred Philip Stokes. He had previously worked for Henry Wainwright, who had a brushmaker's business in Whitechapel Road, and that day had been asked by Wainwright to help him get a cab. But, no cab being in the street, Wainwright went off to get one, leaving Stokes in charge of the parcels on the pavement.

He told Stokes that the parcels contained bristles, but the weight of the parcels made Stokes curious, and in Wainwright's absence he had investigated and seen a human head inside a parcel.

Then the cab had come up with Wainwright, and Stokes had not collected his senses before it was driven off. A few minutes later he followed it, running.

At the police station, one parcel was found to contain the trunk of a woman, the other the limbs—all cut up, ten portions in all. The cause of death was clear—two bullet holes in the skull.

With keys which they found on Wainwright, the police went to the brush factory, and in the big warehouse began searching. Twenty feet from the door they noticed some floor-

boards had been disturbed. They lifted them. Underneath was an empty grave, thickly strewn with chloride of lime.

In the grave were a chopper, an open pocket-knife, a hammer, and an old parasol. And bits of human flesh here and there.

Some days later the identity of the dead woman was established. She was Harriet Lane, who had been missing since September 11th, 1874, exactly a year to the day on which the cab was stopped. Her parents and her sister made the identification.

Harriet had been living with Wainwright, who was already married. The parents had made repeated application to Wainwright asking for Harriet, and he had told them various stories—that she had gone from him to another man at Brighton, and again that she had gone to France, where she was "enjoying herself."

A telegram to this effect had been sent to the parents from Dover; but it was discovered that Henry Wainwright's brother, Thomas, had sent that telegram, and also a fake letter from Paris, and he was at once arrested as accessory after the fact of murder.



In October, 1875, the trial of the two Wainwrights opened at the Old Bailey before the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn. There were plenty of witnesses, some who heard shots in the factory one night, a tradesman swore that Henry had bought a spade from him, and one found was that spade.

It was proved that Wainwright had bought a quantity of chloride of lime, and this was what Wainwright forgot. Chloride of lime had preserved the body, when he was under the impression (too late) that it would destroy it.

The trial lasted nine days, for the two Wainwrights fought every yard of the road to conviction. The defence was somewhat remarkable.

Counsel Besley was about to start his defence speech when the Judge leaned over his desk and asked if counsel would agree to the Judge interrupting his speech at any point, so that items might be cleared up as they went along. Counsel readily agreed, and then opened up his batteries.

He invited the jury to con-

clude that this was not a case of murder, but suicide; and the Judge pulled him up right away.

He bent over his desk again, lifted his quill pen, and said slowly, "Suicide? And I suppose she buried herself!"

That gave the twist to the case that was inevitable. Legal argument could not get over that, or the fact that the body had lain under that floor for a year without Wainwright making the "suicide" known to clear himself.

But neither of the Wainwrights, as they stood in the dock, seemed very concerned about the verdict. When the jury retired, Henry kept smiling all around the court.

After a bit he turned to his brother and said, "Tom, they will convict me, and they will let you off. And I shall say that you did it."

To which Thomas replied, in the hearing of the warders, "You are the biggest murderer unhung, and that won't be for long, because they'll hang you."

In came the jury. Their verdict was that Henry was guilty of murder and Thomas was guilty of being accessory after the fact.

Sentence of death was passed on Henry. A term of seven years' imprisonment was given to Thomas.

The sentence had more effect on Thomas than on Henry.

The latter, big and burly, was as nonchalant as any man could be as he passed down the steps to prison. His composure never left him.

He was a peculiar character. For years he had been a prominent member of the Christ Church Institute in the East End, and had been very popular at religious meetings. He gave recitations and minor dramatic performances in aid of charities, and took the applause of his acting as his due.

In the big drama that ended his life he still looked for applause. I often wonder if he was a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde personality. His religious efforts and speeches, seemed sin-

cere, yet the other side of his profligate life was dark and terrible.

He was a womaniser, of unbounded immorality. But mainly he sought applause.

His execution was dated for December 21st. A day or two before that he told the Governor of the prison that he "deserved" his fate, but that he was "not entirely guilty." What he meant by that nobody ever knew.

On the night before his execution he sent for the Governor again and asked if he could have a good cigar. A good cigar was fetched. He said he had forgotten about chloride of lime, and then lit his cigar and walked up and down the prison yard with the Governor.

The Governor did not speak much. Wainwright did all the talking; and what kind of talk for a man about to die!

He began to tell of his many women conquests; he boasted that no woman could resist him, and smiled contentedly as he recounted his achievements in conquest.

He went to bed that night smiling. He had heard that, instead of the usual few officials, there would be quite a gallery to see him die. That pleased him immensely.

As a matter of fact, about sixty persons were admitted by the sheriffs to the death scene. It was quite a performance.

Wainwright came from his cell quite gaily. He nodded to the Governor "Good morning," then walked briskly towards the scaffold. He was smiling all the time.

When he reached the execution shed he was still smiling to the hangman when his arms and legs were pinioned.

He stepped on to the trap—and as the terrible white cap was pulled over his head and face the last the spectators saw was a broad smile on the bearded countenance.

He went to Hell smiling even as the rope jerked him off the earth.

HERE is a picture for STO. JOHN SMITH and a Stop Press message which says: "Brother Albert is fighting for his release to join you on submarines, and brother Frank is doing very well. Your wife has now got her allotment through O.K., and all is well. You can see by the photograph that mother and your sister are fit and happy."



HOME TOWN GOSSIP

VOLUNTEER women helpers at the American Red Cross Club, Plymouth Hoe, have become expert in "repairing sailors' uniforms."

Lady Hollely, who formed the Sewing Section, related how a "delicate situation" was dealt with when the first sailor presented himself with a tear in his trousers so extensive that it was necessary to remove them before repairs could be done.

The helpers borrowed a blanket from the dormitories, and shut their "customer" in a cupboard with instructions to wrap himself in the blanket and hand out the trousers!

CURTAIN. SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD Mrs. Emily Macmillan, of Trehan Cottage, Polzeath, Cornwall, who appeared in a North Cornwall edition of the B.B.C. "Country Magazine," surprised the station director by revealing that she played in the original production of that famous farce, "Charley's Aunt," at the Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, London, in 1892.

Then a girl in her teens, Mrs. Macmillan nearly ruined the first night by standing with her back against the press-button of the fire bell. She leaned too hard, the bell rang, and down came the fire

curtain in the middle of the first act. She still recalls the "beautiful words the stage manager used!"

VICE. WALKING up Tavistock Rd., Plymouth, we noticed a board announcing: "VICE BUREAU."

It looked a bit fishy, until we noted that the sign was attached to the Technical College. It referred actually to the "Citizens' Advice Bureau."

A ragging student armed with a pot of paint had blotted out the letters "AD."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

A "TWO-DAY" STORY By W. W. JACOBS

A Harbour of Refuge

A WATERMAN'S boat was lying in the river just below Greenwich, the waterman resting on his oars, while his fare, a small perturbed-looking man in seaman's attire, gazed expectantly up the river.

"There she is!" he cried suddenly, as a small schooner came into view from behind a big steamer. "Take me alongside."

"Nice little thing she is, too," said the waterman, watching the other out of the corner of his eye as he bent to his oars. "Rides the water like a duck. Her cap'n knows a thing or two, I'll bet."

"He knows watermen's fares," replied the passenger coldly. "Look out there!" cried a voice from the schooner, and the mate threw a line which the passenger skillfully caught. The waterman ceased rowing, dropping his voice. "I've been and, as his boat came alongside taking a little too much notice

the schooner, held out his hand to his passenger, who had already commenced to scramble up the side, and demanded his fare. It see?"

"It's all right, then," said the fare, as he stood on the deck and closed his eyes to the painful language in which the waterman was addressing him. "Nobody been inquiring for me?"

"Not a soul," said the mate. "What's all the row about?" "Well, you see, it's this way," said the master of the *Frolic*, the waterman ceased rowing, dropping his voice. "I've been and, as his boat came alongside taking a little too much notice

The mate sucked his teeth.

"She introduced me to her brother as a single man," continued the skipper. "He asked me when the banns was to be put up, an' I didn't like to tell him I was a married man with a family."

"Why not?" asked the mate. "He's a prize-fighter," said the other, in awe-inspiring tones; "the Battersea Bruiser. Consequently when he clapped me on the back, and asked me when the banns was to be, I only smiled."

"What did he do?" inquired the mate, who was becoming interested.

"Put 'em up," groaned the skipper, "an' we all went to church to hear 'em. Talk o' people walking over your grave, George, it's nothing to what I felt—nothing. I felt a hypocrite, almost. Somehow he found out about me, coat, and I've been hiding ever since. I sent you that note. He told a pal he was going to give me a licking, and come down to Fairhaven with us and make mischief between me and the missis."

"That'd be worse than the licking," said the mate sagely.

"Ah! and she'd believe him afore she would me, too, an' we've been married seventeen years," said the skipper mournfully.

"Perhaps that's"—began the mate, and stopped suddenly.

"Perhaps what?" inquired the other, after waiting a reasonable time for him to finish.

"H'm, I forgot what I was going to say," said the mate. "Funny, it's gone now. Well, you're all right now. You'd intended this to be the last trip to London for some time."

"Yes, that's what made me a bit more loving than I should have been," mused the skipper. "However, all's well that ends well. How did you get on about the cook? Did you ship one?"

"Yes, I've got one, but he's only signed as far as Fairhaven," replied the mate. "Fine strong chap he is. He's too good for a cook. I never saw a better built man in my life. It'll do your eyes good to look at him. Here, cook!"

At the summons a huge, close-cropped head was thrust out of the galley, and a man of beautiful muscular development stepped out before the eyes of the paralysed skipper, and began to remove his coat.

"Ain't he a fine chap?" said the mate admiringly. "Show him your biceps, cook."

With a leer at the captain the cook complied. He then doubled his fists, and, ducking his head scientifically, danced all round the stupefied master of the *Frolic*.

"Put your dooks up," he cried warningly. "I'm going to dot you!"

"What the deuce are you up to, cook?" demanded the mate, who had been watching his proceedings in speechless amazement.

"Cook!" said the person addressed, with majestic scorn. "I'm no cook; I'm Bill Simmons, the Battersea Bruiser, an' I shipped on this 'ere little tub all for your dear captain's sake. I'm going to put sich a 'ed on 'im that when he wants to blow his nose he'll have to get a looking-glass to see where to go to. I'm going to give 'im a licking every day, and when we get to Fairhaven I'm going to foller (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 554

1. Sendal is a kind of wood, thin silk, drink, perfume, cedar-wood oil?
2. Who was Adam's traditional first wife?
3. Who was called the "Scourge of God"?
4. How many teeth has a dog?
5. How often has a Derby winner been disqualified, and when? Can you give names?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 36, 45, 81, 72, 23, 54, 27.

1. Marginal note.
2. Wooden ball and mallet (like croquet).
3. Iseran Pass, French Alps (9,000 feet).
4. (a) Eve, (b) Pandora.
5. Dame Nellie Melba (broadcast June 15, 1920).
6. 1951 is in the future; others are past.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



THE success of the Sunday afternoon concerts of the Dulwich College Music Club has induced Mr. C. H. Gilkes, Master of the College, to go ahead with plans for a professional orchestra to be attached to the school.

The Master is intent upon restoring Dulwich to its old-time position as the cultural heart of South London, which gave it the remarkably fine Dulwich gallery of pictures. The orchestra now being organised will be of Mozart size—36 players—and may be led by Colin Sauer, brilliant young violinist son of Emile Sauer, 'cellist.

The first concert, it is hoped, will be given in March. I hope that Mr. Gilkes himself will, some time, be allowed to join up with the professionals. He is a very keen musician who plays the viola, the French horn, and the tuba.



BRITAIN soon will be testing a new five-room prefabricated house of plywood. British Columbia, which can supply 100,000 of these houses, has already sent a model to Britain, it was announced in Victoria, B.C.

Why not build us nests in the trees and go the whole hog?



SUGAR KING Sir Leonard Lyle was at a luncheon where the lumps of sugar supplied with the coffee were exceptionally small.

A friend leaned over and asked Sir Leonard if he had any of his own sugar in his pocket. "Unfortunately, no," said Sir Leonard ruefully, "but I have some saccharine."



WEDDING Guest: "This is your fourth daughter to get married, isn't it?"

Macdonald: "Ay, and our confetti's gettin' awful gritty."

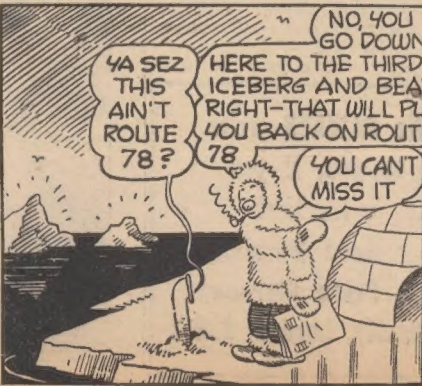
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



"BUT YOU SAID 'DON'T TROUBLE TO DRESS, COME AS YOU ARE'!"

WANGLING WORDS

1. Insert consonants in *O**A*A and *E**A*A and get two American States.
2. Here are two tradesmen whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
REKLIM — NAMKAB.
3. If "page" is the "age" of a book, what is the age of (a) a Wise Man, (b) a Circus?
4. Find the two hidden condiments in: The cat's up the pear tree, and we must save her even if we pick less fruit.

Answers to Wangling Words No. 493

- 1. CANARY, BERMUDA.
- 2. TANNER—TYLER.
- 3. (a) Proportion, (b) Propaganda.

JANE



A HARBOUR OF REFUGE

(Continued from Page 2)

'im 'ome and tell his wife about 'im walking out with my sister.'
"She walked me out," said the skipper, with dry lips.
"Put 'em up," vociferated the "Bruiser."
"Don't you touch me, my lad," said the skipper, dodging behind the wheel. "Go an' see about your work—go an' peel the taters."
"Wot!" roared the "Bruiser."
"You've shipped as cook aboard my craft," said the skipper impressively. "If you lay a finger on me it's mutiny, and you'll get twelve months."
"That's right," said the mate, as the pugilist (who had once had fourteen days for bruising, and still held it in wholesome remembrance) paused irresolute. "It's mutiny, and it'll also be my painful duty to get up the shotgun and blow the top of your ugly 'ed off."
"Would it be mutiny if I was to dot you one?" inquired the "Bruiser," in a voice husky with emotion, as he sidled up to the mate.

"It would," said the other hastily.
"Well, you're a nice lot," said the disgusted "Bruiser," "you and your mutinies. Will any one of you have a go at me?"
There was no response from the crew, who had gathered round, and were watching the proceedings with keen enjoyment.
"Or all of yer?" asked the "Bruiser," raising his eyebrows.
"I've got no quarrel with you, my lad," the boy remarked with dignity, as he caught the new cook's eye.
"Go and cook the dinner," said the skipper; "and look sharp about it. I don't want to have to find fault with a young beginner like you; but I don't have no shirkers aboard—understand that."
For one moment of terrible suspense the skipper's life hung in the balance, then the "Bruiser," restraining his natural instincts by a mighty effort, retreated, growling, to the galley.
The skipper's breath came more freely.

"He don't know your address, I s'pose," said the mate.
"No, but he'll soon find it out when we get ashore," replied the other dolefully. "When I think that I've got to take that brute to my home to make mischief I feel tempted to chuck him overboard almost."
"It is a temptation," agreed the mate loyally, closing his eyes to his chief's physical deficiencies. "I'll pass the word to the crew not to let him know your address, anyhow."
The morning passed quietly, the skipper striving to look unconcerned as the new cook grimly brought the dinner down to the cabin and set it before him. After toying with it a little while, the master of the Frolic dined off their bunks and viewed the fray from a safe distance.

"What are yer looking at yer vittles like that for?" inquired the "Bruiser" of Sam Dowse, as that able-bodied seaman sat with his plate in his lap, eyeing it with much disfavour. "That ain't the way to look at your food, after I've been perspiring away all the morning cooking it."
"Yes, you've cooked yourself instead of the meat," said Sam warmly. "It's a sham to spoil good food like that; it's quite raw."
"You eat it," said the "Bruiser" fiercely; "that's wot you've got to do. Eat it!"
For sole answer the indignant Sam threw a piece at him, and the rest of the crew, snatching up their dinners, hurriedly clambered into their bunks and viewed the fray from a safe distance.

"Have you 'ad enough?" inquired the "Bruiser," addressing the head of Sam, which protruded from beneath his left arm.
"I 'ave," said Sam surlily.
"And you won't turn up your nose at good vittles any more?" inquired the "Bruiser" severely.
"I won't turn it up at anything," said Sam earnestly, as he tenderly felt the member in question.
"You're the only one as 'as complained," said the "Bruiser."
"You're dainty, that's wot you are. Look at the others—look how they're eating theirs!"

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10					11			
12				13		14		15
16			17			18		
19					20			
			21		22			
23		24				25	26	27
28				29		30		31
32			33			34	35	
36						37		
38						39		

CLUES ACROSS.

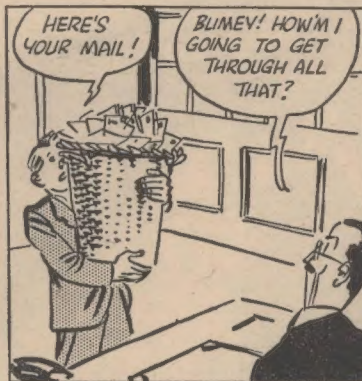
- 1 Nobles.
- 10 Sheer.
- 11 Afresh.
- 12 Confection.
- 13 Cheering cry.
- 15 Drink.
- 16 Susceptibility.
- 19 Rapidity.
- 20 Islands in Indian Ocean.
- 21 Stair post.
- 23 Throw.
- 25 Vehicle.
- 28 Card.
- 29 Go faster.
- 31 Drink.
- 32 Make dim.
- 34 Dress material.
- 36 Shelf.
- 37 Piece inserted.
- 38 Attempt.
- 39 Nasty looks.

CO	PEPPER	K
ALBUM	ALIBI	
NICE	WAVER	
COVERT	PEAK	
EY	GUESTS	
LO	DENSE	TO
PRIDES	J	S
HEEL	DEPART	
URBAN	NOVEL	
SAUTE	CRANE	
K	SETTEE	DR

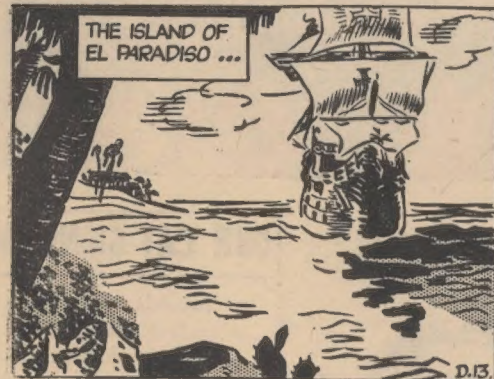
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Wrong.
- 2 Fails.
- 3 Girl's name.
- 4 Direction.
- 5 Leave out.
- 6 Artist.
- 7 Comic trick.
- 8 Abstinent one.
- 9 Wavers.
- 13 Skin.
- 14 Indian coin.
- 17 Made to move.
- 18 Electrical unit.
- 22 Hereford river.
- 23 Anchor chain.
- 24 Pips.
- 26 Increase.
- 27 Encounters.
- 29 CoLOUR.
- 30 Bad.
- 33 Eastern title.
- 35 Number.

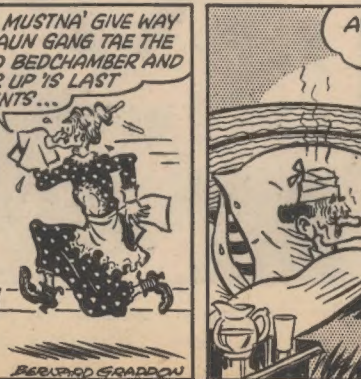
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Sport Oddities

In the West, thousands pay big prices to watch two men have a trial of strength with their fists. In Siam the "prize ring" is occupied by two fish, specially bred from the wild fighting fish for pugnacity and stamina. Only males fight, and they move so fast it is difficult to follow them. They attack each other's fins, until one or the other can no longer balance and turns tail. The fins grow again, and any fish is ready to fight again next day. But experts won't let a beaten fish breed.

Odd sports in many countries are really tests of skill and stamina at work, like the former Covent Garden porters' race with a pile of baskets. Up to the war, Paris had a race for waiters and a race for coal-heavers. In the last coal-heavers' race 78 entrants carried 110 lbs. of coal over a 2½-mile course. The winner set a new record with 20min. 47sec.

Wood-cutting contests are adjuncts of every carnival in Australia. The tree is generally a two-foot hardwood log set upright and standing 15 feet from the ground. The competitor stands on a plank driven in 10½ feet from the ground, and takes off the top foot. Average time for a clean cut right through is three minutes. Champions do it in 2min. 30sec., and could earn £1,000 a year in prizes and "appearance money."

In North America they don't cut the logs, but roll them. Two men take the log as it floats in the water and start to roll it with their feet. The first one to fall off is the loser. The sport is fast and furious and full of tricks, with a national championship attracting men from all parts.

But the real American sport that would be "Greek" to British spectators is the odd one of corn-husking, popular in the Middle West, with the championship being decided before crowds thirty deep and as tense as a football final crowd.

The championship was instituted in 1924 by Henry Wallace, now U.S. Vice-President.

The tough stalks of maize have to be cut, the head taken off and the husk removed, and the head tossed into a wagon. A champion will husk 40 or more heads a minute—and keep it going for 80 minutes. Thirty thousand people attend the "finals." Experts say this "sport" is physically the most exhausting in the world.

Alex Cracks

They call him "Wet Paint" because few pass him without touching him.

She asked me for my autograph, Her arms around my neck, I felt so flattered till I found I'd autographed a cheque.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND. Right at the bottom of this steep hill is the only pub in Newton Ferrers, quaint little village on the Yealm estuary in Devon. They don't say "one for the road" in the Dolphin—that's it, at the bottom on the left—they say "two for the hill," and believe you us, they need 'em.



"MUMMY, CAN I HAVE A DOLLY?"

"Ssh! That isn't a dolly, that's Rosemary Ames. Whatever would RKO Radio say? Anyway, only little girls play with dollies!" "Do they, Mummy? Then what about Father?"



MILKMAN! STOP THAT GRADE 'A' RIOT! No, he's not taking a milk bath for the complexion. Fact is, trolley's turned turtle. It's back to "bottle school" for him, if you ask us.



"I hear that some of the ritzier joints are actually using these pansy glasses. Seems like just another plot to keep a girl from her Guinness, to me."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Sounds the first sinister steps towards prohibition, to me."

